I Will Gladly Give

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/21114131.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Multi
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Addams Family - All Media Types
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Gomez Addams/Morticia Addams
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Gomez Addams, Morticia Addams, Beverly Katz, Abigail Hobbs, Pugsley Addams, Wednesday Addams
Additional Tags:	Domestic Fluff, Family Fluff, Will and Hannibal are disgustingly in love, Babysitting, Alternate Universe - Addams Family Fusion
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Thistle and Wildflower
Collections:	The Temple Of Athens
Stats:	Published: 2019-10-21 Words: 1,127 Chapters: 1/1

I Will Gladly Give

by snapdragonpop007

Summary

> “You want me to watch Wednesday and Pugsley?” Will asked.
>
> “If it isn’t too much trouble.”
>
> “Of course not,” Will swung back around, letting his legs dangle back off the table. “I’ll swing by after work to pick them up.”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will was hiding from Jack Crawford and his irritable insistence to work on the Chesapeake Ripper case down in the labs, sitting on one of the autopsy tables and flipping through wedding magazines with Beverly.

“I’m just saying,” Beverly said, flipping the pages to something that wasn’t a god awful white suit. “You can’t both be wearing black.”

Will wrinkled his nose. “Well, I’m not going to be wearing white.”

“Oh, *god* no—what kind of monster do you take me for?” Beverly frowned at him. “Even I know you don’t wear white at weddings.”

She rolled her eyes for good measure.

Will hummed and Beverly kept flipping through the magazine and the body Will was sitting next to stayed silent and dead—which was to be expected, but Will would have enjoyed the excitement it would have brought if the body decided to no longer stay dead.

“Wait, hold on—“ Will reached out a hand, wrapping his fingers around Beverly’s wrist to keep her on the page. “What about that?”

It was a photo of a dark red suit—dark enough that it looked black. The only red that actually shone was from the gleam of the camera flash and a flash of the lining around the sleeve cuffs and the red thread holding the buttons in place.

Beverly looked at the suit, then to Will, then back to the suit, then to Will one more time.

“I could see it,” she finally said.

Will’s phone rang and buzzed just as Beverly marked the page, and he gave her an apologetic shrug as he answered it without glancing at who was calling.

“Graham.” he answered.

“Will, love,” Morticia’s voice filtered through the static. “I know you’re at work, but—well, I’m not interrupting anything, am I?”

“ ‘Ticia, hi,” Will felt a smile tug at his lips, and he swung his leg up on the table and twisted around so his back was to Beverly. “You never interrupt me, you know that.”

Morticia laughed softly, and Will felt his smile get bigger. “I know this is short notice, but, well...Gomez and I wanted to go out tonight and Fester and Grandmama are going to a play in town and we don’t have anyone to watch the children--”

“You want me to watch Wednesday and Pugsly?” Will asked.

“If it isn’t too much trouble.”

“Of course not,” Will swung back around, letting his legs dangle back off the table. “I’ll swing by after work to pick them up.”

“You’re wonderful, love, truly,”

They exchanged goodbye’s, and when Will slid his phone back in his pocket and looked back at Beverly she was grinning at him.

“Babysitting duty tonight?” she asked.

“I,” Will said, leveling Beverly with a look. “Enjoy babysitting, unlike some people I know.”

Beverly snorted, then went back to flipping through the magazine.

--

“Thank you so much,” Morticia was wrapping a shawl around her shoulders as Will and Hannibal stood in the foyer of the Addams estate, holding Wednesday and Pusgsly and everything else Gomez had saddled them with. “Really, I can’t thank you two enough.”

“Think nothing of it,” Hannibal gave her a smile, expertly adjusting Pugsly and tilting his head as the boy reached for his hair. “We love having them over.”

“You are a doll, Hannibal. And absolute doll,” Morticia kissed his cheek, then Will’s, and then Gomez was ushering her out the door.

“Don’t come home tonight!” Will called after them.

Morticia gave him a smile over her shoulder.

--

Will had quarantined himself, Pugsley and Wednesday in the dining room, because it was the only room in the house that was connected to the kitchen.

Winston and Buster were there too, but Will had to keep the other dogs on the other side of the gate he had put in the doorway. Pugsley and Wednesday were not frightened by Winston and Buster, but the others sent them both in a fit of tears if they got too close.

At the current moment Winston was lying on the floor next to Will and Wednesday--who had fallen asleep--and Buster was following after Pugsley, who was making a beeline towards Hannibal.

“You have some visitors, babe!” Will called into the kitchen just as Pugsley disappeared into it.

There was a moment of silence, and then Hannibal came out of the kitchen with Pugsley perched on his hip.

Will felt his heart flutter at the sight of it.

“You need to stay with your Uncle Will right now,” Hannibal spoke softly to Pugsley, his hair in disarray from the few times Pugsley had managed to grab it, sleeves rolled up and a spot of flour smudged on his cheek and wrists. “My kitchen is a bit more dangerous that your Grandmama’s.”

Hannibal kissed Pugsley’s cheek, then set him in Will’s waiting arms.

Will gave a happy little sigh.

“What?” Hannibal asked.

“Nothing,” Will answered. “You just--”

Will couldn’t find the words he wanted to say. Not that he had ever been the most eloquent with words, but as he looked up at Hannibal with flour smudged on his skin he found himself--impossibly--falling even more in love and unable to find the words to say so.

“Go finish your cake,” he said instead.

Hannibal smiled, kissed Will’s temple, then went back into the kitchen with Buster at his heels.

Will watched him go, then lifted Pugsley up and said with a giddiness in his voice that he would later deny, “I’m going to *marry* that man.”

Puglsey laughed and bounced in Will’s lap.

“Dad?” Abigail’s voice floated through the house, and then she was standing in front of the gate, backpack slung over his shoulder and the dogs happily wagging their tails and licking her pant legs.

“It’s date night,” Will said.

Abigail didn’t need to ask whose date night it was.

“Hi Hannibal!” She called, dropping her back to the floor and stepping over the gate. “Hello, my little bugs!”

Abigail scooped up a just waking Wednesday and kissed her cheeks and nose.

“Hello, Abigail,” Hannibal came out of the kitchen to greet her, raising his eyebrows at the forgotten backpack.

“I know, I’ll take care of it,” Abigail gave him a bright smile. Then she stepped back over the gate, picked up her bag and took Wednesday with her.

Will bit his lip to try and keep his smile back, and when he looked back at Hannibal he blurted out “I want to have kids with you.”

Hannibal blinked.

“I--after we get married I want--” Will could feel his cheeks warm. “I--*fuck*.”

Hannibal smiled.

“Anything you want, my dear Will,” he leaned down to kiss Will again, and Pugsley babbled happily. “Anything you want, I will gladly give.”

End Notes

one of these days i'll write a long one

(I meant for this to be more humorous but it got horribly romantic instead)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!